BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA. each Ballet Girls-Their Datiy Lives and

bles-Their Visitors - Their Mothers. Pauts, Dec. 3 .- "I adore the mothers of allor dancers," says Ludovic Halovy in one of la books. "With them there is always somebe lourned. Their conversation is varied, abundant, full of surprises and imagery. They have relations with all kinds of noty-verstable sellers, summstresses, or millarly in the evening at the opera with the finest specimens that we have in the way of distinguished men." The production of a new tallet, "La Korrigane," at the opera gives me a pretext for introducing some of these mothers, er rather their daughters, to the reader, and for conducting him for half an hour behind the

scenes of the opera.

First of all, let me say that the new ballet, "La Korrigane," the poem of which is by Fran-cols Coppee and the music by Widor, was a great success musically, scenically, and choregraphically. The charming Spanish sefferita, Resita Mauri, who new holds the first place in Rosita Mauri, who new holds the first place in the dancing world, obtained a veritable tri-umph, which reminded the old people of the finest successes of Fanny Rilsler, Cerito, and The foyer de la danse was too small to contain the mountains of bouquets that were offered to her.

The reader may be supposed to be familiar with the architectural splendors of the Paris Opera House. To some minds these spiendors

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on sardines, radishes, sour apples, gossip, and fried potatoes. At noon the bell rings for rehears al. The girls have to come down on the stage, and finish their breakfast while the stage manager cails out the names and the ballet master talks to the composer. The rehearsal drags along until 4 o'clock. Then the girls climb up again to their dressing room, put on their ordinary clothing, and leave tig theatre. It is 5 o'clock, wa will suppose, by the time they reach their homes, probably on the heights of Montmerte, where their mothers, worthy concerges or washerwomen, are waiting for their daughters to pect the potatoes for dinner. They have only time to wash, to hurry through their dinner, and return to the opera in time for the first act. A coruphée, for instance, will play a page in the first act, appear in the second, and take part in the ballet in, the third. During the fourth act she remains in her dressing room, and does a little crochet, but hardly has she dene a few points before the call man's voice is heard in the lobbies: "Ladies, the fourth act is finished." She changes her coatume, scampers down the stars, and rushes upon the stage, act in time to disappear into the cellar with the daughters of the Evil One, whom the baritone has just annihilated. The curtain falls. The coruphée regains her dressing room, puts on her ordinary clothes, and leaves the theatre—this time for good. It is nearly 1 o'clock when she roaches her home, and, after eating a bit of bread and cheese while she undresses, she creeps into her narrow bed. Her day's work is over.

Indeed, there is but little poetry in the existence of the smilling and light-footed dancers whose pirouettes afford so much pleasure to the old gentlemen in the orchestra stalls. They begin often at the age of 5 or 6 in the classe despetites, and then every day in the year they practise and toil and chatter and caper until from rais they become successively figurations of the one of the sensing through all the degrees. The new manager of the near a decent

Louis-Auguste Blanqui was an extraordinary man. His life was one of the strangest on record. Every trifling incident in it assumed the character of a romanuc adventure, a historical event, or a legendary episode. His birth, as well as his death, was surrounded by poculiar circumstances. He was born nean Nice, in 1805, a siz-mosths child. There is a superaition in southern France that when, in the case of a child born into the world before its time, the number of months is event, the infant is doomed to an almost immediate death. To is doomed to an almost immediate death. To is doomed to an almost immediate death, to the astonishment of the gossips of Puzel-Théniers. Louis A. Blanqui lived to be seventy-five years old. His death, on this other hand, was announced three times, at three different and widely separated periods of his life. At liast he is gone, but not without knowing that even his bitterest cennelse will do fall justice to the steriling qualities of his mind and heart, as well as to the many intestity of his character. The life of Blanqui is worthy of study, both for the consistency and inconsistency and inconsistenc

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